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kills the pain - quiets the
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Dr Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

JUDGE BUNK GARDNER

Unanimously Endorsed for Rail Road Commissioner by
The Manufacturers, Merchants and Business
Men of Graves County

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE CITY OF MAYFIELD, KY.

Whereas, our fellow townsman, Judge B. Gardner, has announced himself a candidate for Railroad Commissioner for the First Railroad District of Kentucky; and

Whereas, we have watched his struggle through adversity to a well-earned and useful manhood and one worthy of admiration and emulation; and

Whereas, we recognized in him rare ability, the utmost integrity, and unwavering devotion to public duty whenever and wherever entrusted to him; and

Whereas, we believe him thoroughly qualified in every way to perform the duties of the office to which he aspires, and that his administration thereof would be characterized by the same conscientious course as has marked his life, public and private; therefore be it

Resolved, that the Merchants and Manufacturers of the City of Mayfield hereby most heartily approve of and cheerfully endorse his said candidacy, and pledge ourselves to any and all honorable methods to secure his election.

W. S. Surman, J. W. Ridgway, R. E. Loshridge, Frank Brooks, M. L. Carter, Committee.

The Valentine
By Edwin L. Sabin
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH lacy stuff 'twas decked about—
And here you wonder why, no doubt,
I mention such a common fact,
Since lace is always on them tacked.

The face displayed a Cupid's bow—
Oh, yes, indeed, I fully know
That's but the ordinary thing
Upon the season's offering.



IT had, forsooth, a plump red heart
Transfixed by Cupid's flying dart.
But hearts, you say, are ornaments
With which no valentines dispense!

The tender message that it bore—
You've often conned such greetings o'er?
The tenor you can tell thereof?
"I'm thine—be mine—forever—love!"

BUT as exhibit Number Five
I'll state, dear reader, 'twas alive—
The lacy stuff, a dainty gown
Upon the trimmest form in town!

The Cupid's bow was curved lips twain!
The heart—but need I more explain?
The message, old, yet ever new,
May some one whisper thus to you.

St. Valentine's Call

A Story of Cupid's Dag
By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

[Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Purcell.]

"BUT, my dear girl, it's only for one night!"—the manager began to expostulate.

"I won't dress in that pen," I tell you. Of course you think I'm in a temper and taking advantage of my red hair and all that, but I'm not. I'm merely firm, and you'll have no Lady Capulet tonight."

Miss Miranda of the Titian tinted locks had been consigned to a bad dressing room, a tiny partitioned space three flights up, with a leak in the roof that let the water through, and it was raining!

"Never mind, dear," said Miss Marlon Gray, the Juliet of that night's performance. "You may share my dressing room."

"Well, fix it up between you, girls," admonished Mr. Washington Cohen, with a wave of his hand and a sigh of relief. Then he went to don the cotton velvet of the Montagues, for he was not only business manager, but Romeo as well.

"Do you know," observed Miranda, slipping on her soiled kimono and ensconcing herself, with her makeup box before the speckled, cracked mirror, "next Wednesday'll be St. Valentine's day, and we play Kansas City that day?"

"Yes?" The travel worn little Juliet was mending one of the silver lilies on the friar's cell gown and wondering if they'd yet found the balcony rail. Last time she played the scene she'd had to do without it, and the setting was spoiled.

"Uh-huh," repeated Miranda, energetically rubbing the cold cream into her face. "I'm glad it's Kansas City, because my best beautiful lives there, and, being St. Valentine's day—well, I'm going to sit right down as soon as I'm through here and warn him to have something pretty spanking nice for me!"

St. Valentine's day! Had it really come around again? Later, waiting in the cold, windy wings for her cues, the thought of it stayed with Marlon. How vividly she recalled the day two years ago! Instinctively her fingers closed on a little hard substance close to her

heart under the folds of her Juliet gown.

When she went back to the stuffy dressing room Miranda was just finishing her threatened letter, between sentences dabbling retouches of rouge on her cheeks with a rabbit's paw. Mr. Washington Cohen looked in the open door and laughed.

"At it again?" said he.

"At what again?" tossed back Miranda over her shoulder.

"That perfect face, my dear lady," bowed he, with mock gravity. "Why paint the lily, why retouch the rose?"

quoth he blandly, going on his way.

Just then came a loud knock at the character man's dressing room, a few

doors below. The call boy had fetched a half dozen black bottles of beer and some thick glasses on a cheap japanned tray.

"Come in and join me, girls," called the character man cordially, wiping his lips after his first long draft. And Miranda, putting an extra loading of cosmetic on her lashes, went. Marlon Gray had promised to mend the lining of Mercutio's cloak, so she stayed behind.

Her eye fell on Miranda's letter. Why shouldn't she, Marlon Gray, write a letter too? Again her fingers tightened on that little, hard, hidden substance. She smiled for a moment softly, capriciously. Then, almost reverently, she drew it out to the length of her chain. It was a small silver heart, locked with a silver key.

The face that looked at her from the

ocket seemed to fascinate her. It was months since she had allowed herself a peep at it, but now—why, almost he seemed to be speaking to her in his own, tender southern drawl.

"Yes, if you've set your heart on it, dear," he was saying. "I reckon you'll have to go. But I shall keep on patiently with my work, loving you just the same. Who knows? Some day my little Marlon may want me, and I must lay up against that day."

"For heaven's sake, let the old cloak go and come in and have a beer!" came hoarsely from the character man's dressing room.

"I'm busy," the girl called back vaguely. She was listening to the voice of the man looking up at her from the locket.

"My little sweetheart is one of those who must go out into the world and buy experiences for themselves," the low voice was explaining, half to itself and half to her. "Those who hinder her are only hurting her. But some

day, when she's tired, she may be right glad to lean on some one whom she can trust!"

"What the dickens is the matter, Juliet?" called Miranda mockingly. "You're jolly slow company tonight."

"—but she must be tired first," the voice went on. "When one is tired one's heart cries aloud. And it is then that those who love us will not fail us. Take this, dear!"—he was handing her the locket again, just as he had two years back—"and if ever you want me send me the little key. I shall understand. And, no matter where or how far you may be, the call will fetch me to you."

Marlon pushed back her heavy hair from her eyes with the back of her hand and, finding the touch of her fingers cool to her brow, let them rest there for a second.

Ah, hadn't she had a wonderful little evening of it, though, that dear St. Valentine's day! She was to start on her first theatrical engagement in the morning, and there was all the beautiful excitement of the untired life staring her in the face. How for sheer joy she had smiled at everything.

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"Wait till I come back to you with fame and wealth, my dear boy," she had bubbled laughingly to her lover, little heeding the wounding of her words, "and then—"

With fame and wealth! Oh, Mercutio's painted cloak which lay across her lap, and Juliet's gown embroidered with tinsel lilies, which hung over the back of a chair, how they stood to her for the splendence that she had meant to have for her own—vague splendence made up of empty pageantry! She had fancied herself in trailing, folded garments, moving like a princess in and out among perpetual flowers and bird song. There had been instead unspeakable drudgery, cheap hotels, freezing—or stifling—theaters, endless journeys with continual fatigue.

As the girl's beautiful, tired eyes rested again on Miranda's envelope she rose, as though under a spell, and, taking one more long look at the face in the locket, she kissed it with a little joyful half sob. Then she detached the silver key.

When Miranda came back into the dressing room there was another sealed note lying beside her own waiting to be mailed.

In Kansas City just before the half hour call was given one of the stage hands rapped on Miss Gray's door and handed her a violet box tied with violet ribbons.

Marlon opened it, with a sudden, exquisite thought springing into her mind and making her dizzy with sheer joy. Her pale cheeks went pink, like the flush of a wild rose, as she searched the box feverishly for the card.

Ah, there it was! And the old familiar handwriting! She stood perfectly still for a few moments, trembling visibly. Then she bent her head under the miserably poor wired gas jet and read—just a few lines, signed with a certain foolish little name they both knew, but eloquent with meaning.

The great double violets smiled up in the girl's face. She raised their dewy fragrance close against her hot cheeks.

"He's heard my Valentine call, dear flowers," she whispered into their hearts, "and he's coming for me to-night! Oh, he's coming for me to-night!"

An Ancient Definition.

An old writer who lived many years before the Matthews-Roosevelt reformed spelling was promulgated defined a valentine to be "ye friste of mankynde that a mayde shalle see on ye Saynte Valentynes daye or ye friste mayde that a man shalle see on Saynte Valentynes mornye."

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NORTH BOUND

Leave Marion 7:02 am	Arrive Evansville 9:45 am
Leave Marion 1:07 pm	Arrive Evansville 3:45 pm
Leave Marion 1:40 pm	Arrive Evansville 6:30 pm
Leave Marion 7:30 pm	Arrive Mattoon 9:30 pm
	Arrive Evansville 1:30 am
	Arrive Chicago 9:30 am

SOUTH BOUND

Leave Marion 1:16 am	Arrive Princeton 3:00 am
Leave Marion 1:17 am	Arrive Nashville 8:10 am
Leave Marion 1:40 pm	Arrive Princeton 12:15 pm
Leave Marion 1:40 pm	Arrive Princeton 4:50 pm
Leave Marion 7:25 pm	Arrive Nashville 9:55 pm
	Arrive Princeton 8:55 pm
	At Hopkinsville 9:45 pm

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IS UNEQUALLED FOR Coughs, Colds and Croup.

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WHY BE DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES AND BLACK HEADS

ZEMO, a clean liquid for external use, instantly and permanently cures you! It removes pimples and eruptions cannot cure you. No electric bottles, no green ointments, no salves are needed by a ZEMO. It draws out the impurities and then turns to the surface and destroys them, leaving a nice clear skin for all.

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HARRY HARPER, Texas.
Egyptian Hostlers."

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E. W. ROSE MEDICINE CO.
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Guaranteed and Sold By
HAYNES & TAYLOR.

Emulates Carrie Nation

Marion, Feb. 6.—With her little Mr. Kate Morrow, of Utica, emulating Carrie Nation and destroyed everything at this place conducted by William Kemmerle, who is as the head of the social club incorporated for charitable purposes under the laws of the state.

Mr. Morrow went to the club house Sunday afternoon and found her husband Sherman Morrow, with others sitting around the stove. She then proceeded to knock down the stove.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. Grove on Box. 25c.